

THE ATLANTA CONSTITUTION.

VOL. XXVII.

ATLANTA, GA., SATURDAY, JULY 28, 1894.

PRICE FIVE CENTS.

TO THE CONFEREES.

Once More the Senate Bill Goes to the Joint Committee.

IT JUST WAS SAVED AND NO MORE

A Tie Vote Made the Bill's Fate Look Dangerous.

HILL WAS PAIRED ON THE FINAL VOTE

Atlanta Is Under a Great Obligation to Senator Gorman for Helping the Exposition Along.

Washington, July 27.—(Special)—The struggle in the senate ended today and the tariff bill went back to conference. The sword of a close shave, however. The sword of Damocles was above it, hanging by a thread upon the retention of the one-eighth differential on sugar, which the sugar senators and Mr. Smith, of New Jersey, insisted upon as the price of their support and the loss of which meant the inevitable defeat of the measure. The vote was a tie. The absence of Vice President Stevenson was almost fatal. By dint of hard work, the republicans succeeded in musterings the votes of the populists. With Hill, of New York, whose fiduciaries, Irby, of South Carolina, ran away from the night, leaving Hill to pair them, he had thirty-two votes in favor of striking out the differential. The democrats, with the exception named, stood firmly to the caucus agreement and stood thirty-two votes against their opponents. A tie was the best the opponents of the bill could do, and a tie, parliamentarian speaking, loses. So the differential and the bill was saved.

The republicans who had staked their all on the cast of the sugar die, threw up the sponge and allowed the bill to go to conference without further ado. The conferees will get together and before the end of next week the changes are the bill will be a law.

Of the three points at issue the senate will win two and the house one. The sugar will be flat and the duty on coal and iron will remain as they are, with a reciprocity proviso—virtually as good as free coal and iron. An absurd rumor is afoot that Mr. Cleveland will take Mr. Hill's advice and keep away from the white house.

Call the Senate a Bear Garden.

Speaking of the relations between the presidents and the senate a story is told which well illustrates Mr. Cleveland's opinion of that body.

It is said to have occurred when a delegation from Colorado called upon the president and invited him to visit their state and join in a big bear hunt. The president's response to the invitation was in this language:

"I have a bear hunt here at the capitol up on the hill that is going to occupy all the time you gentlemen think I have at my disposal. If I don't burst the gun and the ammunition doesn't run out by the time I am through with the sport maybe I will accept your invitation. But I may be permitted to say that you gentlemen do not know what a bear hunt is. You had better stay here and join me."

Since Mr. Gorman's speech there is some doubt as to which is the bear—the president or the senate. Each seems to be hunting the other and the democratic party is the chief sufferer.

In the fight which has been going on since the publication of Mr. Cleveland's letter to Mr. Wilson, Senator Hill has been occupying a most remarkable position. He is off to one side first chinking rocks at one and then the other of the contestants. However, stands alone. He is neither w. h. the president nor the senate. He refused to go into the senate caucus yesterday. He is for Hill and nobody but Hill. But he may right on his feet yet.

It is said that Mr. Cleveland will not remain silent in face of the charges made in Senator Gorman's speech. But whether he will write another letter, give out an interview, or have some friends speak for him remains to be seen. His friends say that the senators attempted to "bounce" him. They insist that a deliberate attempt was made to deceive Mr. Cleveland while the bickerings of the compromise amendments were going on, and that the truth of the situation was not disclosed until after the bill was passed by the senate.

On the other hand Mr. Gorman gave very clear proof of his statements.

COST UNCLE SAM \$3,400.

The deficiency bill was not reported to the senate today. It cannot be said that body now until Monday, as the senate has adjourned over. Senator Blackburn does not think that the bill will be passed Monday and Tuesday it will be in conference.

Captain Evan P. Howell and Mrs. Howell left for Atlanta this morning. Mr. Cabaniss and Mr. Collier leave tonight.

Indebted to Senator Gorman.

Now that the exposition appropriation of \$200 has been incorporated in the sundry civil appropriation bill, it is just as well to know what brought it about.

Senator Gorman is the man who saved the appropriation. Senator Cockrell was against it and none of the other members of the committee could be induced to go against him. Consequently the matter was postponed from day to day. Finally Captain Howell and Senator Walsh, both of whom are warm personal friends of Senator Gorman, made an appeal to him to fight for the appropriation in the committee and to appeal to Senator Cockrell. In the meantime Senator Gordon was pleading with Senator Cockrell and other members of the committee.

On Monday Senator Gorman promised Captain Howell and Senator Walsh that he would handle the matter and get it through. Two days later the committee agreed upon it. No one voted against it, though Senator Blackburn refused to vote.

Senator Gorman made a personal appeal to his colleagues on the committee and got it through.

HILL AND MURPHY AT OATS.

Senators Murphy and Hill, of New York, are at odds.

Senator Murphy has been put down by the country as a mere follower of Hill. Such, however, has been proved not to be the case. Hill voted against the tariff bill; Murphy voted for it.

Senator Gorman made a personal appeal to his colleagues on the committee and got it through.

TO KILL THEIR PRESIDENT.

Discovery of a Plot in San Domingo to Assassinate Heureaux.

New York, July 27.—San Pedro Saginaw, from San Domingo, bore the news of a plot to assassinate President Heureaux, of San Domingo, by a party of young men. It seems that the conspirators were not sufficiently cautious about their plans, the president having fully informed of the plot, and sending him word. The arrangements were completed, put the machinery of the law in operation against them, and eleven of the conspirators were arrested and brought before the courts.

The ringleaders of the gang, named Brothman and others, condemned to death and shot, as Heureaux considered the example sufficient, the other ten were set at liberty.

It is said that the plot was betrayed by indiscreet friends, and that the president has been posted since January in regard to it.

Welman's Expedition Heard From.

London, July 27.—Sir John Stearns Saginaw, from San Domingo, bore the news of a plot to assassinate President Heureaux, of San Domingo, by a party of young men. It seems that the conspirators were not sufficiently cautious about their plans, the president having fully informed of the plot, and sending him word. The arrangements were completed, put the machinery of the law in operation against them, and eleven of the conspirators were arrested and brought before the courts.

Mr. Irby is the only democrat who has been tried to Mr. Hill. He refused to go into the canvass, either Tuesday or Wednesday. Indeed, he joined Senator Hill and the two bolters went out to see a baseball game.

Mr. Irby voted with Mr. Hill on motions called to complicate matters and embroil the bill, but will vote with his party on the final vote. He only casts votes that he can defend. He refuses to be bound by agreements. Mr. Irby claims that he has not been treated right; the democratic leaders of the senate have not properly recognized him, and the administration has completely ignored both him and the members of the house who are adherents to Tillman. The administration has given him nothing in the shape of offices, and naturally, he would like to retaliate. But Mr. Irby will vote for whatever the conference committee reports, if there ever be an agreement.

By the way, Mr. Cleveland is yet bitter against the senate bill. He believed the senators were bluffing when they said it must be the senate bill or no bill.

Not Cardinal Now.

Since the Wilson letter and Gorman's speech, one no longer sees a file of senators about the white house each morning. Mr. Vilas is now the only democratic senator

MINERS IN REVOLT.

Convicts at Tracy City Mutiny and Refuse to Come Out.

KILL ONE GUARD AND WOUND TWO

The Dead Man Was Deputy Warden of the Penitentiary.

ONE OF THE CONVICTS SHOT DEAD

Prisoners Fight in a Novel Way—They Load a Keg of Powder on a Car and Run It Among the Guards.

Nashville, Tenn., July 27.—(Special)—The state convicts at Tracy City are in revolt. The lives of two men have already been lost and two more men are fatally wounded. The news was received by the state authorities at a late hour this afternoon.

The two hundred convicts in Mine No. 11 at Tracy City, mutinied this morning. Captain Nelson and two guards went into the mine after the convicts, but when within about fifty or a hundred yards of the convicts, the strikers placed a keg of powder on the car with a light fuse. Then they started the car toward the guards. The powder exploded about the time it reached the guards. Nelson, a guard, was killed, and two other guards were wounded.

Pete Hamilton, a convict, was shot and killed by a guard. Seventy convicts are still in the mines.

The Nelson referred to is W. H. Nelson, deputy warden. He was a member of the last legislature from Maury county, and was appointed deputy warden after the legislature adjourned. Captain Dyer, the warden, is away from the mines. So the killing of Nelson leaves the guards without a head.

Superintendent of Prisons Kirk was once telephoned to, and will reach Tracy City tomorrow. There are three hundred state convicts there and they are working in the mines and coke ovens by the Tennessee Coal, Iron and Railroad Company.

Secretary of State Morgan tonight held a conversation by wire with the operator at Tracy City and learned that all the convicts worked in the mines had struck this afternoon.

Mr. Nelson and the guards were on their way into the mine when the killing occurred. All but seventy of the convicts were induced to come out by 5 o'clock. At first upwards of two hundred had refused to come out. It was not thought that the assistance of state troops would be necessary. The free miners are quiet, and it is not thought they will cause any trouble. The names of the injured guards are Farrell and Thurman.

WILL ORGANIZE POLITICALLY.

One of Debs' Officers Says the Strike Was for Political Purposes.

St. Louis, Mo., July 27.—A morning paper quoted Albert Smith, one of the local leaders in the late railroad strike, and a friend of Edward S. Bassett, president of the Missouri and Kansas Railway Union, as saying:

"At the beginning of the recent strike, Debs told me that he did not expect to win the strike. He had a purpose in having the strike ordered. He believed that a strike at the time at the American Rail way was the cause of the labor trouble by which the railroads was caused to be able to bring to see that they could do nothing for themselves as long as they were not politically organized. The strike, he said, will bring about this organization, causing the men to break away from their political party."

Mr. Smith says that Debs will be a candidate for some office, probably congress, and that the work of organizing political bodies will be done.

BUILDING AND LOAN MEN.

J. J. Orme, of Atlanta, Elected Second Vice President.

Chattanooga, Tenn., July 27.—(Special)—The fifth annual convention of the League of Southern Building and Loan Associations adjourned this evening. The delegates had been in session four days at Lookout mountain and was the most largely attended convention yet held by the league. The officers for the coming year elected this evening are: J. Hanson Kennard, president, of Birmingham; T. C. Moore, vice president, of Atlanta; J. J. Orme, second vice president, Atlanta, Ga.; George W. Winstead, third vice president, Knoxville, Tenn.; B. M. Robinson, secretary and treasurer, Bristol, Tenn.; legislative committee, B. M. Robinson; J. T. Elyson, W. P. Russell, W. H. Raymond and W. A. Windish.

A RALLY IN ALABAMA.

Colonel Onate Addresses a Large Audience—A Barbecue Served.

Lafayette, La., July 27.—(Special)—This morning a red letter day for democracy in Chambers county. Some 400 people have thronged the streets of Lafayette. The occasion was the democratic rally and the strike.

"Cause you're true," responded a voice. "Thank you," said the governor. "You know I am compelled to act with smirks and smiles and tell y'all lies."

The governor declared that if "Cleveland" was to set the pace for the democracy, and he was asked to swallow Cleveland's soothing syrup, lies and mudgumpery, then was no "democracy." He said that it was because of the election of Mr. Gandy of the Nova Scotia Coal Company, and was, therefore, in favor of free raw material. The governor declared that if the principle of the subtreasury was the same that underlay national banks and that the subtreasury was equally impracticable. He favored free silver and greenbacks. After winning the fight on those lines he would then support the subtreasury if it was still needed. "To support it now would be writer's agony," he said.

The strike was turned to the people in the primaries, and then to buy the legislature. Wall street would endeavor to buy the seat for Butler or some other man. He did not believe that he was in it. Tillman was however, very charged.

Butler Will Show Him.

Senator Butler was greeted with cheers, not so loud or general as Tillman. He confined his speech to a review of his record. He had been with the governor in twenty-three counties and not a flaw had been picked in it, but Sheridan knew it was "in it" at Trevillians; Gregg knew it was "in it" at Samaria church, and Kilpatrick knew it was in it when I ran out of him in his night clothes. "I'll show the governor," he said, "that the election of Mr. Gandy is a farce."

The senator said that he was voting for free silver before Tillman was ever heard of in public life, and that the governor was his A. B. C. in finance. He closed with an eloquent plea to the white people to put away strife and stand together, warning them of the danger of negro interference.

BUSINESS OF THE WEEK.

Review of Bradstreet's and Dus & Co.

The Pulse of Trade.

North Carolina's Railways.

Raleigh, N. C., July 27.—(Special)—The railway commissioners today assessed the rates of general trade throughout the United States within the week have not resulted in a net gain. Prolonged drought and hot winds have damaged corn and other crops in Nebraska, and fears are entertained that the reduction in the production of wheat will be greater than the increase in the production of cotton.

Trade in the South is not much better, and the demand for iron and steel is not great. The market for coal is not strong, and the demand for coal is not great. The market for coal is not strong, and the demand for coal is not great.

THE BROKERS WERE NOT GUILTY.

New York, July 27.—The report of Daniel G. Rollins, referee, filed today in the super circuit court, dismissed the action brought by Broker Arthur Dylett on an assigned claim of James E. Dean against the latter's former brokers, J. C. Seymore, Jr. and L. A. Seymour, for \$450,000. Eno had been president of the Second National Bank of this city, when he had to fly to Canada because of misappropriation of the bank's funds and claimed that his brokers had fraudulently withheld \$450,000 of his money. Rollins finds that the brokers were not guilty of fraud.

Political Meets at Lafayette.

Montgomery, Ala., July 27.—(Special)—The news has reached here from the south that some Oates and Kolb men of LaFayette had a knock-down and drag-out fight yesterday. The Oates, managers of the plant, were fully informed of the plot, and proposed to do it in grand style. He chartered a big steamer and issued over 30 invitations for the trip down the river, which was to have taken place Saturday evening. Great preparations were made for the trip. Champagne galore was drunk and many prominent people were invited.

Today there was wailing and gnashing of teeth when it was found that Wilmot had disappeared and that the grand festivities were delayed off. Miss Marler is unknown to us.

Three Rivers, and now people are acquiring the acquaintance of the swell southern girls.

It is said that the plot was betrayed by

the ringleaders of the gang, named Brothman and others, condemned to death and shot, as Heureaux considered the example sufficient, the other ten were set at liberty.

HE IS A HIGH ROLLER.

How a Young Fellow Cut Quite a Big Figure.

Montreal, July 27.—Some weeks ago a dashing young fellow who gave his name as Clarence Wilmot, and his native place as Saginaw, Mich., was introduced to the Montreal society.

He received entry into the society, and soon cut out a dashing figure. He spent money lavishly and gave out that his mother was a millionaire half dozen times over. A few days ago Wilmot announced to his friends that he had \$100,000 in his pocket.

He proposed to do it in grand style.

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MADE THINGS HOWL.

Drunken Negroes Take Possession of Pennsylvania Town.

Connelville, Pa., July 27.—Yesterday was pay day at the surrounding mining camps, and the imported negro workers fairly made things howl.

They came to town in squads of fifty, and after making a few purchases spent the balance of their money at the saloons.

They were drunk all night, and the deputies kept busy making arrests.

This morning the negroes were confined to the houses, and the police were

on the lookout for trouble.

'TIS MISS IDA

Whose Words Are Now Charming the English Ear.

"LO, THE POOR AFRICAN," ETC.

Whose Woes Catch the Attention of Medes People in England—A Dip Into Governor Northern's Mail.

Governor Northern's mail just now is freighted with letters from all parts of the state.

And all because of "Miss Ida."

Miss Ida Wells is the negro who is just now the toast of the so-called "upper crust" of Great Britain, as well as the goddess of that body of meddlesome revolutionaries who always see the mote in the other fellow's eye.

She has a gib tongue—has "Miss Ida"—and when she wags it, those who stand upon the crater of "Darkest England" listen with bated breath and whitened eyes.

"Darkest England," as well described by General Booth, of the salvation army, is well worth perusal. Drawing his parallel from Stanley's "Darkest Africa," the salvation leader shows that there is in England an undercurrent of millions of people whose moral darkness is denser than the shades of Africa's impenetrable forest.

He has the evidence of Mr. W. T. Stead to sustain him—that women are sold in childhood and delivered into the hands of men whose pictures Dante could not describe. Hopeless, aimless, desperate, Godless, they are to be pitied for their fate, and feared for what they are.

It is in this England, so well described by shame-faced sons, that this woman of hate has been welcomed, and where her slanders upon the south are received with shouts of applause. She has been dined by the members of a parliament, members of which have been convicted of unmentionable crimes. Before such a jury, and upon the evidence of such a witness, the gallant, chivalric people are called to answer.

A Sample Resolution.

A sample of the resolutions passed in the town meeting in England was received yesterday by Governor Northern. It was printed on a folio sheet, after the manner of congressional house bills, and bore on its title page the words:

"LYNCHING OF NEGROES

"In the United States of America,

"Bradford, Yorkshire, July 4, 1894.

"Dear Sir—Permit me to call your attention to the accompanying copy of resolutions of the inhabitants of Bradford held in the Friends' Meeting House, July 4, and convened for the purpose of considering the above subject, several instances of lynching having been recently reported in our newspapers.

"May I request that you will be so good as to forward these to the resolutions by sending a copy to the editor in any other way that lies in your power, and the honor to remain yours faithfully,

"EDWARD PRIESTMAN,

"Chairman."

On the next sheet is the following:

"Copy of resolutions unanimously passed at a public meeting of the inhabitants of Bradford, England, held in the Friends' Meeting House, July 4, 1894."

"First resolution—Moved by the chairman, seconded by the Rev. W. Garrett Horder, supported by the Rev. R. Roberts: That we meet warmly sympathize with Miss Ida Wells in her efforts to obtain for her colored brethren and sisters justice and protection by the law and equality of treatment with white men to which, as citizens of the republic, they are entitled.

"As the mob approached Thomas opened fire with a Winchester. His first shot killed Marshall, the preacher. Thomas continued firing, shooting down six other members of the mob, four of whom are thought to be mortally wounded. The mob fired at Thomas without effect. Thomas surrendered to his father's home, but the indications are that he will be found at the head of one of the best schools in the state in the fall term.

Even Negroes Defend Virtue.

Perhaps the most significant enclosure which came to the governor was this:

"I endorse a clipping showing that the negroes are in the business of properly defending the virtue of their own race:

"FIRED INTO THE MOB.

"A Florida Negro Who Objected to Being Lynched.

"Lurayville, Fla., July 24.—About 1 o'clock this morning a mob of negroes, led by a negro preacher named Marshall, went to the house of Jack Thomas, colored, to lynch him for committing rape on a negro girl.

"As the mob approached Thomas opened fire with a Winchester. His first shot killed Marshall, the preacher. Thomas continued firing, shooting down six other members of the mob, four of whom are thought to be mortally wounded. The mob fired at Thomas without effect. Thomas surrendered to his father's home, but the indications are that he will be found at the head of one of the best schools in the state in the fall term.

He Is BETTER.

Letters received in the city yesterday by the friends of Mr. Andrew Wilson, who has been quite ill for some time past at the Read house in Chattanooga, indicate that he is better and is now out of danger. Within the next two weeks he will be home again.

Wilson's improvement continues, Mr. Wilson will be brought to Atlanta and taken to his home on Dawson street. His mother has been with him for the past three weeks.

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ATLANTA, GA., July 28, 1894.

Capital Leaving the West.

Within the past few weeks between one and two million dollars sent from the east for investment in Chicago has been withdrawn because the authorities of that city were so dilatory in taking steps to suppress the rioters. A few weeks ago a lot of eastern capital was withdrawn from Seattle on account of the success of the populists, and it will be recollect that the same thing occurred in Kansas two or three years ago when the populists carried that state. Speaking of the western situation, The New York Journal of Commerce says:

Water does not run down hill more surely than a man who lends money carefully takes into consideration the risk involved, not so much his personal right of getting it only by expensive litigation and after long delay. If considerable risk enters into the transaction, the more careful capitalists will not lend at all; they will invest the money nearer home, at a lower rate of interest, and take a smaller risk.

Send Mowbray home, and give Herr Most another term in prison.

This is added for the same term to our list of naval victories. The naval college at Tokio was pronounced by General Grant one of the finest in the world. The instructors are chiefly American and German officers of experience.

China, on the other hand, is a despotic, non-progressive country. If she can have her way she will use her strength unmercifully and cripple Japan for a generation.

But it is certain that the European powers will interfere. It is reported that Russia has already landed troops on the island with a view to establishing a naval station, and this will force England to either drive the Russians out or seize some of the Korean territory. Possibly the long-talked-of European war will start in Korea at present, however, the situation is not clearly defined enough to justify a prediction. Even at the eleventh hour European arbitration may restore peace.

Not Wanted Here.

It is to be hoped that the commissioners of immigration in New York will stick to their determination to send Mowbray, the anarchist, back to England.

Mowbray landed in New York a few days ago and applied for naturalization, but the same week he made a speech in favor of anarchy. To be naturalized he must take an oath to support the constitution and laws, and yet he publicly declares his intention to overturn our government, if he can.

This would justify the authorities in sending the rascal to jail, but as the fact has come out that Mowbray is an English ex-convict it may be that the better plan is to return him to his own country.

There will always be room here for upright, industrious foreigners, but there should never be any room for chronic paupers, criminals and public enemies who desire to wage war against our institutions.

Send Mowbray home, and give Herr Most another term in prison.

EDITORIAL COMMENT.

In June of this year 16,000,000 children were found to be enrolled in the schools of the United States.

It is considered unlucky in Ireland to view a funeral procession while the beholder is under an umbrella.

They have lived within their incomes and purchased very little that they could do without. Three years of this policy must necessarily produce visible results. We have had very few failures. Money has been scarce, but most of our industries have continued to run on full time and some have run day and night.

Our season of economy has paved the way for a good fall business. Our merchants have allowed their stocks to be reduced until they are now forced to buy largely to fill their shelves. The people have made their old clothes and household equipment do duty so long that they are compelled to purchase new outfit. Our big crops will soon bring the ready cash and send it into general circulation. Low prices will doubtless rule, but a large volume of money will roll into the south.

Atlanta will doubtless enjoy a fall and winter of exceptional prosperity, measured by the standard of the past few years. The progress of the exposition will draw attention to our city, and we may expect many new concerns who will start enterprises of considerable importance.

But while we may reasonably look for comparatively good times in this region, and especially in Atlanta, it should be understood that this improvement is all due to the industry and economy of our people and a favoring providence. We are prospering in spite of the uncertainty, delay and mistakes of federal legislation.

One more point. It is to be hoped that the brighter outlook will not cause a rush of the unemployed to Atlanta and other cities. We have a large number of workingmen waiting for employment, and there will not be more than enough to go around. If there is any sudden influx in search of work the newcomers will be disappointed. It is no time for men to leave their homes and go with empty pockets to distant cities hunting for jobs. The best thing they can do is to stay at home until they know what to count on. If this advice is followed it will save no small amount of worry and trouble.

The Dixie Interstate Fair. It is gratifying to see the bright prospect for the Dixie Interstate fair in Macon this fall.

Their exposition will be the regular state fair on an enlarged scale that will ensure the participation of neighboring states. President Cleveland has been invited to attend the fair and who so if no unforeseen obstacle prevents him from leaving Washington at that time.

It is reasonably certain that there will be a splendid line of exhibits and a full attendance.

We congratulate the people of our sister city upon the enthusiasm and enterprise which they are displaying, and we promise them that Atlanta will doubtless gain the victory, unless the European powers intervene.

The causes of the trouble are well understood. Under a treaty China and Japan have the right to send troops to Korea to preserve order. This was done during the Korean rebellion, and recently Korea has denied the right of the Japanese to remain on the island. There have been violent outbreaks in which the Japanese have been roughly handled, and now China sides with Korea and is attempting to force the Japanese to withdraw.

The Chinese and Japanese navies are about equal in the number of vessels, but the Chinese have somewhat the advantage. Japan perhaps could place two million men in the field, but China can send double that number to war and not feel it. The navies and armies of the two countries have been for some years under the discipline of experienced European officers, and they are well equipped for war.

Naturally, our sympathies are with Japan. Her people are progressive, and the government has voluntarily undertaken to establish representative institutions under a constitutional monarchy. A recent writer says:

A Rich Man's Way. Mr. Russell Sage, the New York millionaire, is anxiously waiting for a mark down in the price of summer clothing.

For a week past he has been watching a \$12 suit in a window near his office, expecting to see the price reduced, and the other day he called at the store and offered \$10 for the suit.

The clerk demanded the marked price, \$12.

"Ten and a half?" suggested Sage, "Not a cent less than \$12."

Eleven dollars and then \$11.50 were offered, but the clerk was firm. The millionaire looked sadly at the suit and then said that he thought he could do without it as the warm weather probably would not last much longer.

Mr. Sage is not a victim of hard times. This is his way of living and trading. He cuts his personal expenses down to the lowest notch, and when he buys anything he makes it a point to beat the merchant down if he can. If he can

save half a dollar in this way he feels happy.

There are other rich men whose methods are just the same. Doubtless this explains how they made their money and how they keep it. Such a policy systematically followed will enable almost any man to accumulate a moderate fortune, or at least a competency.

Captain Gilbert's Withdrawal.

For sometime the name of Captain S. P. Gilbert, of Muscogee, has been prominently mentioned in connection with the temporary chairmanship of the approaching state democratic convention. Captain Gilbert was one of Mr. Atkinson's most active supporters and to the earnestness of his work, probably more than to any other one influence, was due Mr. Atkinson's victory in Muscogee county. Naturally had Captain Gilbert allowed his friends to urge him into the race for the temporary chairmanship he would have been elected. But believing that the position should be tendered to one of the minority he refuses to allow the use of his name, and some supporter of General Evans will, of course, be chosen.

Captain Gilbert's refusal to allow the use of his name is to pluck a kiss from his sweetheart at the gate is temporarily victim to the most pleasing madness known to mortal man. We should rather call it delirium, but certain metrical demands have to be supplied when one is writing poetry, and one can find a dainty whetstone for that word "strife" we like it amazingly. Other men are not so favored as the editor of The Sun; he knows nothing of the friendly combat which most of his fellows have to wage before they can carry off the sweet kiss of resistance upon her part, but we have been given to understand that other fellows, less irresistible than he, have to scheme and work and fumble for this favor, and find it very agreeable employment.

Kissing a girl at the gate would seem to involve the most complex artifices, but, as we are told, it all depends. In the first place it makes much difference whether the kisser and the kisse are together upon one side of the gate or are separated by a fence, or a wall, or a river, or a ventriloquist.

In the second place, the temper of the kisse makes all the difference in the world; if she be unkink, no amount of importunity shall move her, and surely no courtly and brave suitor will seek to obtain by force that which his sweetheart denies, meaning it.

Yet as the true angel loves her, she may or may not be the sweetest, longest and most caustic, and as all humanity prizes most highly that which is secured by the severest exertion, so the lover finds exceeding satisfaction in the oscillation snatched from the pouting, chilidng lips of his half-resisting sweetheart.

Then comes the delicate artifice composed of gentle protestations, smoothed expostulations, earnest pleadings, flutters of creamy lace, a deranged neckline, glances that give the lie to the utterances of saucy lips—yes, and a thousand other dear, delightful ingredients of which the sumnum donum is a capitulation besiegere.

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JOKEY CLUB.

DIRECTORS TO MEET.

Exposition Directors to Hold a Called Meeting at 4 P. M. Today.

CAPTAIN HOWELL TO MAKE HIS REPORT

He Returns from Washington at Noon, and Will Be Ready to Tell About the Exposition Bill This Afternoon.

Promoters and How They A Splendid Race Track of the Features.

have a jockey club, a race stable, a splendid drive, a grounds and two seasons year.

years that Atlanta is to be then place for quartering of the turf during the

already been taken up and the scheme is already as-

oks the plans have been and now they are ready

The idea of the promoters

track company on the basis

Atlanta Jockey Club here to

skin, Jr., a native Ken-

been at work getting the

and they are ready to

charter, having been met

on all sides. The

for the undertaking

have set about it certain-

at the prospect of the final

efforts.

leading citizens of Atlanta

scheme, representing all

the work of organizing

been most favorably,

like those who are an

the enterprise on its for-

ment for the charter will

on Monday and when

the books for sub-

stock will be opened.

The Plans Are.

of the promoters to have

the stock required is taken

grading the track will be

all lots have already been

and the company will

on some of the best

building of a track and

that has been offered

road track from the bar-

by two railroads and both

the old waterworks, and

place for the track

for the consideration

of the scheme, and

the very best of localities

in the reach of those at

a rivalry between parties

act near their respective

grand stand capable of

of people and stables

accommodating hundreds of

the club to get the

quarters for winter quarters

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in the world they

are raised and done, and if it

two meetings each year,

just after the horses

and the fall meeting

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the summer season.

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needed to raise the time

arts.

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before going out to

circuit in the spring.

the spring, they would

then, to Nashville,

Lexington, Latonia and

there are good race

courses.

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to a speedy comple-

S AND GOSSIP.

of the most charm-

young ladies of the

visits to relatives.

the most popular

city, and will make

this during her stay.

to the marriage of

Mr. C. Young-

and his wife, Mr.

James H. Reese,

St. Louis Jockey Club,

and Mr. L. Russell, editor of

the "Daily Journal."

the famous wasp

which had been sent

from many to

we are not even horse

but a willingness to take

about the success of

the race.

and the general's monu-

ment.

and Mrs. William

who have been

Williams, at Edg-

ton, to be present

General Dole's monu-

ment.

General Dole's

and was consid-

ered stainless among those of his

own race.

Since his release upon bail the janitor, as

stated by some of his friends, has been

at work in the attempt to clear him

and, you may be glad to know, he has

Curtis was also arrested for the same

offense.

A pawn ticket calling for one of

the coats which was taken from the room

of the New York drummer during his stay

in Atlanta last month was found in the

negro's pocket. He denied emphatically

RECORD OF CRIME.

More Arrests Made for Stealing at the Gould Building.

In the arrest several weeks ago of Jessie

Evans, the janitor of the Gould building,

upon the charge of a similar theft,

was cast upon the honor of one who was

considered stainless among those of his

own race.

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of the New York drummer during his stay

in Atlanta last month was found in the

negro's pocket. He denied emphatically

having anything to do with the stealing and claimed that the coat was given to him by Bob Moore, another negro. Moore was afterwards arrested by Detective Winters and Holcombe. The two men will have their commitment held over morning, when the facts in the case will be fully learned. For a year thefts of different kinds have been committed about the Gould building and all efforts to fix the thief have been futile. Carpet, tapestry, clothing and articles of every description have mysteriously disappeared. Pierce was arrested and since his arrest he has been assiduous in his efforts to prove that the stealing was the work of some one else.

Struck with a Pick.

An exciting fight was witnessed yesterday morning by the members of the county chancery, the effects of which were of a serious nature. Tom Pitts, a convict, was struck with a pick. At an opportunity he made a desperate dash for liberty and would have succeeded had Joe Bonner and Sam Glover, two other convicts who had been promoted to trustees for good service, interrupted his flight.

Pitts still held on to his pick, and when the men who had turned on them and been to strike. One blow struck Pitts and seriously injured him. Pitts was raising the pick to strike again, the other negro rushed in and grabbed him about the waist, holding him until the guards could arrive.

Bonner was carried to the Grady hospital.

A Young Man's Fall.

Mr. Sam Warnock, the young man who was arrested for stealing the coat from a dummy figure on Whitehall street, has been kept until his sentence is served, where he will be kept until his sentence is served.

The case of Warnock is notable as far as the rapidity of his fall is concerned. Two years ago he was a man of fine physique. Well connected and in good circumstances, he had splendid prospects.

It seems to have been a peculiar weakness for costs and up to this charge his arrests have been numerous, without

any trial or conviction.

Warnock was running high regarding

the exposition yesterday, and it is certain

that a full attendance of directors will be

on hand to furnish full details concerning

the fate of the measure.

He will be able to give a preliminary

report next week.

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report next

CORN THE FEATURE.

Wheat Followed with a Temporary Advance.

LATER ON BOTH DECLINED TOGETHER

Extreme Dullness Characterized Operations at the Stock Exchange—Cotton Holds Up Well.

NEW YORK. July 27.—Extreme dullness characterized operations at the exchange throughout the day. The dealings were wholly professional and there was no money expended on the part of the stock exchanges. An effort was made in the early hours of business to advance prices on advice from Washington that the prospect for the passage of a tariff bill had improved, and the general list did improve fractionally, but the advance failed to hold because of the discouraging news from the west concerning the cotton market. The list of the Grangers which yielded 1% to 2% per cent outside of Burlington and Quincy, which sold off from 75 to 73%, the stock selling at 73, seller 60, when the price in the regular way was 74. The bears were disposed to be aggressive, but nevertheless held their own, showing that their fears that congress may pass a tariff bill at any moment which would give their opponents an opportunity they have long coveted to lift the market. Sugar received steady support from its friends, and after yielding 1% to 1½%, rose to 103% and closed at 103½. American Tobacco advanced 1% to 8½, preferred, 2% to 10½; Minneapolis and St. Louis, preferred, 8 to 11½; Delaware and Hudson to 13½; Consolidated Gas broke 3 to 12½; Wheeling and Lake Erie, preferred, declined 6% to 22½ on the decision of the directors to raise the dividend, but the rally to 20½. Distillers, after rising 1% to 10½, were sold down to 10% on rumors of a receivership which were afterwards denied, the instigators of the story being dragged into court and put into bonds. The heavy gold engagements for tomorrow failed to have any appearance on the market. Speculation closed lifeless and barely steady in tone. The total transactions were 80,000 shares, including 27,000 unlisted.

The bond market was irregular but in the main weak.

Treasury balances: Coin, \$70,000,000; currency, \$61,975,000.

Money on call easy at 1 per cent; last month at 1½ offered at 1; prime mercantile paper 1½ to 4 per cent.

Bar silver 62½.

Sterling exchange firm with actual business in bankers' bills at 45½%; 48½% for 60 days and 48½%; 48½% for demand; posted rates 48½%; 48½% for commercial bills 48½%; Government bonds firm.

State bonds dull.

Railroad bonds steady.

Silver at the board was neglected.

The following are closing odds:

Cotton Oil 26 M. Morris Parc. 24

Gold & Co. 26 M. Morris Parc. 24

Sugar Redem. 10½ Nash. Gold & Co. 21

Am. Tobacco 10½ U.S. C. Corp. 21

Am. & C. Co. 10½ U.S. C. Corp. 21

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DEVOTED TO THE INSTRUCTION AND AMUSEMENT OF THE YOUNG READERS OF THE CONSTITUTION,

Supplement to The
Atlanta Constitution.

ATLANTA, GA., SATURDAY, JULY 28, 1894.

LITTLE MR. THIMBLEFINGER

And His Queer Country—What the Children Saw and Hear There.

By JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS, (Author of "Uncle Remus.")

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PART VII.

The Ladder of Lions.

The shadow that seemed to fall over everything caused Buster John and Sweetest Susan and Drusilla to run to the door. It was not a very dark shadow, but it was dark enough to attract their attention and excite their alarm. They were not yet used to their surroundings, for, although a great many things they saw and heard were familiar to them, they could not forget that they had come through the water in the spring. They could not forget that Mr. Thimblefinger was the smallest grown person they had ever seen—even if he were a grown person—nor could they forget that they had never seen a rabbit so wonderfully large as Mr. Rabbit. Drusilla expressed the feelings of all when she remarked that she felt "skittish." They were ready to take alarm at anything that might happen. Therefore they ran to the door to see what the shadow meant. Finally they looked up at the sky, or what seemed to be the sky, and there they saw, covering a large part of it, the vague outline of a huge jug. The shadow wobbled about and wavered, and ripples of light and shadow played about it and ran down to the horizon on all sides.

An astronomer, seeing these fantastic wobblings and wavering of light and shadow in our firmament, would straightway send a letter or a cable dispatch to the newspapers declaring that an unheard-of convulsion was shaking the depths of celestial space. And, indeed, it was all very puzzling, even to the children, but Drusilla, who had less imagination than any of the rest, accounted for it all by one bold stroke of common sense.

"Shuh! Tain nothin' 'tall!" she exclaimed. "Dey done got froo wid dinner at home, an' ol' Aunt 'Cindy done put de buttermilk jug back in de spring."

Sweetest Susan caught her breath with a gasp, and laughed hysterically. She had been very much alarmed.

"I expect that's what it is," said Buster John, but there was some doubt in his tone. He turned to Mr. Thimblefinger, who had followed them. "What time is it, please?"

Mr. Thimblefinger drew his watch from his pocket with as much dignity as he could assume, and held his head gravely on one side. "It is now—let me see—ahem! it is now precisely thirteen minutes and eleven seconds after 1 o'clock."

"Is that the jug in the spring?" asked Sweetest Susan, pointing to the huge black shadow that was now wobbling and wavering more slowly.

Mr. Thimblefinger shaded his eyes with his hand and examined the shadow critically. "Yes, that is the jug—the light hurts my eyes—yes, certainly, that is the jug."

Presently a volume of white vapor shot out from the shadow. It was larger than the largest comet, and almost as brilliant.

"What is that?" asked Sweetest Susan.

Mr. Thimblefinger felt almost as thoughful as a sure enough man of science.

"That," said he, "is an emanation—an exhalation, you might say—that we frequently witness in our atmosphere."

"A which?" asked Buster John.

"Well," replied Mr. Thimblefinger, clearing his throat, "it's—er—an emanation."

"Huh!" cried Drusilla, "taint no kind er nation. It's des de milk leakin' out'n dat jug. I done tol' Aunt 'Cindy 'bout dat leakin' jug."

Mr. Rabbit and Mr. Meadows had come out of the house in time to hear this, and they laughed heartily. In fact, they all laughed except Mr. Thimblefinger and Drusilla.

"It happens every day," said Mrs. Meadows. "We never notice it. I suppose if it happens up there where you children live, everybody would make a great to-do? I'm glad I don't live there where there's so much fussing and guessing going on. I know how it is. Something happens that doesn't happen every day, and then somebody'll guess one way and somebody another way, and the first thing you know there's a great rumpus over nothing. I'm truly glad I came away from there in time to get out of the worst of it. You children had better take a notion and stay here with us."

"Oh, no," cried Sweetest Susan. "Mamma and papa would want to see us."

"That's so," said Mrs. Meadows. "Well, I just came out here to tell you not to get too near the Green Moss swamp beyond the hill yonder. There's an old Spring Lizard over there that might want to shake hands with you with his tail. Besides it's not healthy around there; it is too damp."

"Oh, we are not going anywhere until we start home," Sweetest Susan remarked.

"How large is the Spring Lizard?" inquired Buster John.

"He's a heap too big for ou to manage," replied Mrs. Meadows. "I don't know that he'd hurt you, but he's slept so in the mud over there until he's so fat he can't walk scurriedly. He might roll over and hurt you some."

"Are there any lions over there?" inquired Sweetest Susan.

"No, honey, not a living one," said Mrs. Meadows.

By this time Mr. Rabbit had come out on the piazza, bringing his walking cane and his pipe. He presently seated himself on the steps, and leaned his head comfortably against one of the posts.

"Well, well, well," he exclaimed. "It has been years and years since I've heard the name of Brother Lion. Is he still living and doing well?" Mr. Rabbit turned an inquiring eye on Sweetest Susan.

made quite a speech, and when he sat down, his uncles and cousins were very much excited. They roared and howled. They said they were ready to tear Mr. Man limb from limb. They declared they were ready to go where he was and gnaw him and claw him on account of the scandalous way he had treated their bloodkin.

"But when Brother Lion's mother heard what they proposed to do she shut her eyes and shook her head from side to side and told the uncles and the cousins that they had better go back home, all of them. She said that before they got through with Mr. Man they'd wish they had never been born. But go they would and go they did.

"So they started out soon one morning and traveled night and day for nearly a week. They were getting very tired and hungry, and some of the younger blood cousins wanted to stop and rest, and some wanted to turn around and go back home. But one morning while they were going through the woods, feeling a little sick in head and limb, they suddenly came in sight of Mr. Man. He was cutting down trees and splitting them into timber. He had his coat off and seemed to be very busy.

"But he was not so busy that he didn't hear Mr. Lion and his uncles and blood cousins sneaking through the woods over the dry leaves, and he wasn't so busy that he couldn't see them moving about among the trees. He was very much astonished. He wondered where so many of the Lion family came from, and what they were doing there, but he didn't stop to ask any questions. He dropped his ax and climbed a tree.

"Brother Lion and his uncles and his blood cousins were very much pleased when they saw Mr. Man climb the tree. 'We have him now,' said Brother Lion, and the rest licked their jaws and smiled. Then they gathered around the tree and sat on their haunches and watched Mr. Man. This didn't do any good, for Mr. Man sat on a limb and swung his legs, just as contentedly as if he was sitting in his rocking chair at home.



"I Made a Burdock for His Hand."

Lion had come a long way to hunt Mr. man, and as soon as he got his hand out of the split in the log he started to go home again. I went part of the way with him, and then it was that I told him he'd find himself in a cage if he wasn't careful. I made a burdock poultice for his hand the best I could—"

"And it's mighty good for bruises, I tell you," exclaimed Mrs. Meadows.

"And then Brother Lion went on home, feeling better, but still very mad. Crippled as he was, he was a quick traveler, and it was not long before he came to his journey's end.

"Well, when his mother saw him she was very sorry. But when he told her what the matter was she was vexed. 'Aha!' said she, 'how often have I told you about meddling with somebody else's business! How often have I told you about sticking your nose into things that don't concern you! I'm not sorry for you one bit, because if you had obeyed me you wouldn't be coming home now with your hand mashed all to flinders. But, no! daddy-like, you've got to go and get yourself into trouble with Mr. Man, and now you see what has come of it. I'm not feeling at all well myself, but now I've got to go to work and make a whole parcel of poultices and tie your hand up and nurse you—and I declare somebody ought to be nursing me this very minute.'

"That was what Brother Lion's mother said," continued Mr. Rabbit. "But Brother Lion didn't say anything. He just lay on the sheepskin pallet she made him and studied how he would be revenged on Mr. Man. After a while his hand got well, but still he said very little about the matter.

The more he thought about the way he had been treated, the madder he got. He gnashed his teeth together and waved his long tail about until it looked like a snake. Finally he sent word to all his kin—his uncles and his cousins—to meet him somewhere in the woods and hold a convention to consider how they should catch the great monster, Mr. Man, who had caused a log of wood to mash Brother Lion's hand.

"Well, it wasn't long before uncles and cousins began to arrive. They came from far and near, and they seemed to be very ferocious. They shook their manes and showed their tusks. They went off in the woods and held their convention, and Brother Lion laid his complaint before them. He told them what kind of treatment he had received from Mr. Man, and asked them if they would help to get his revenge. He

for he was not used to this sort of business. He was the oldest and the fiercest of the old company, but his knees shook under him as he climbed up and felt the ladder shaking and wobbling.

"Mr. Man saw that by the time this big Lion got to the top of the ladder his teeth and his claws would be too close for comfort, and so he called out in an angry tone:

"Just hold on! Just stand right still! Wait! I'm not after any of you except that fellow at the bottom there. I'm not trying to catch any of you but him. He has bothered me before. I let him go once, but I'll not let him get away this time. Just stand right still and hold him there till I climb down the other side of the tree."

"With that Mr. Man shook the limbs and leaves and dropped some pieces of bark. This was more than Brother Lion could stand. He was so frightened that he jumped from under the ladder and his uncles and his blood cousins came tumbling to the ground, howling, growling and fighting.

"They were as sorry looking a sight as ever you saw when they came to their senses. Those that didn't have their bones broken by the fall were torn and mangled. They had acted so foolishly that out of the whole number, Mr. Man didn't get but three lion skins that could be called perfect.

"Brother Lion went home to his mother as ever he could go and remained quiet a long time. And now you tell me now in a cage."

Mr. Rabbit paused and shook his head until his ears flopped.

The children seemed to enjoy the story very much, so much so, indeed, that Mrs. Meadows wanted Mr. Rabbit to tell some of his own queer experiences, but Mr. Rabbit laughed and said that it didn't seem exactly right to be telling his own stories. He said if he told the stories just as they happened, he'd have to talk about himself a good deal, and people would think he was boastful. He declared he didn't feel like making his young friends think he was bragging.

"Oh, we shan't mind that," said Sweetest Susan, "shall we, brother?"

"Why, of course not," replied Buster John.

"La! we all done hear folks brag, till we got hardened ter braggin'" exclaimed Drusilla.

So the children, aided by Mrs. Meadows, coaxed Mr. Rabbit until he finally consented to tell some of his queer adventures.

(To be Continued.)

Crocodile Hunting in Madagascar.

"The Malagasy natives have a superstitious veneration for crocodiles, and seldom kill them, although I had no trouble in inducing my little household to help me when I wanted to hunt them," wrote a correspondent from Madagascar. "The crocodiles positively infest the island."

"They can only travel very slowly on land, but they go with incredible swiftness through the water. The motion is between a swim and a run, for the crocodile keeps on the bottom. They have a powerful tail, and the water behind them fairly boils. One reason the natives do not kill the crocodiles is because they are absolutely useless."

"Crocodile hunting is peculiar, and I found it exciting. The natives take two pieces of wood a foot long, sharpening the ends like stakes, and make a cross of them, fastened securely with small wire. To this a good strong rope is attached, the other end of which is made fast to a tree on the shore."

"The cross is baited with fifteen or twenty pounds of beef, and thrown out to the length of the rope. The crocodile takes it with agulp, and, after the first jerk on the rope, it is unfastened from the tree, and everybody pulls. I had eighteen Malagasy boys on one occasion, and it was more exciting than a tug of war."

"The crocodile jerked all of them flat on the ground, and he dragged them down to the water's edge. By a desperate effort they succeeded in getting the rope up to the tree again, where it was fastened, and the crocodile was allowed to exhaust himself, which took several hours."

"At last we hauled him out, killed him with a spear and found that he had never swallowed the cross and beef at all, but held it firmly gripped in his jaws. He was too stupid to know enough to release himself, and too obstinate to let it go—traits of the crocodile character."

The Railroad Dog.

A most interesting example of canine sagacity is told in a recent number of Harper's Young People. As the editor of that paper says, of course, you can believe it or not, as you choose. It comes as a fact.

"There is an engineer out on the Denver and Rio Grande railroad who is the owner of a dog which is possessed of a good deal more than the average amount of canine intelligence. This dog is a bright little water spaniel, and has been accustomed to ride with his master on the engine since he was a puppy. He goes to the roundhouse about the time for his master's train to be made up, and mounts his own engine, having no difficulty in picking it out from the twenty or more other engines standing in the roundhouse. He rides on the fireman's side of the cab, with his head and paws both hanging out of the window, intently watching the track. He often scents cattle at a long distance. When they appear in sight, he becomes greatly excited and barks furiously, and if it becomes necessary to come to a full stop, he bounds out of the cab, and running ahead, drives the teamsters out of the way. He is well known to men along the line."

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YOUNG FOLK'S CORRESPONDENCE.

The following fairy story is sent us by Miss Olive Strickland, a little girl who lives in Decatur. We think it will interest the young people.

A Fairy Tale.

Long years ago there dwelt in a great iron castle a huge giant named Bulbagog. He was so terrible that he was the terror of the people throughout all the kingdom.

Even he was feared by the king himself.

This giant was so very large that the steps he took were nearly thirty feet long. Once a year he ransacked the country, searching for the most beautiful maidens there, whom he seized and carried away to his castle, where he imprisoned them in towers. The king of the country had a daughter, the most beautiful maiden in the kingdom, whose name was Rowena.

The king, fearing that Bulbagog would capture his daughter, kept her shut up in a high, round tower, whose walls were smooth as glass, and which had only one opening—a window in the roof—so that no one could see her but himself. When the king wished to visit his daughter he would fasten his wings on his shoulders, which the good queen of the fairies gave him, and fly to his child. Now, the king thought that his were the only wings possessed by any one in his kingdom, but there he was mistaken, for a young knight named Fenaldo, having become enamored of the beautiful princess, determined to marry her.

So he went to the fairy queen to ask her what to do. She gave him a pair of wings with which he could mount to the princess.

So one day he flew up to the tower and asked her to be his wife. She said she would, for she loved Fenaldo as dearly as he loved her. He was to come the next night and take his Rowena away with him to some far distant country where the anger of the king could not reach him, nor could the giant seize her and bear her away to his castle.

But Bulbagog had heard of the whereabouts of the king's daughter, and he, also, had determined to take possession of Rowena, for he held a grudge against the king and desired his daughter above all the other maidens in the country.

So at night when all were asleep he, with two of his imps, came to the door of the king's palace.

One of the imps made himself invisible and crept through the keyhole into the palace and on into the king's chamber, where he found the wings, which he carried to Bulbagog.

The giant fastened them on his shoulders and ascended to the tower. He found the maiden sleeping. Taking her, he quickly descended to the ground and leaves the wings to be returned to their place by the imps.

Then he hastened home and put the sleeping Rowena in an iron room, with no windows and only an air-hole.

When Fenaldo reached the tower of the princess he found, to his dismay, that she had gone.

Flying immediately to the fairy queen, he asked her where his Rowena had flown.

She tells him that the cruel giant, Bulbagog, has stolen her from the tower and has carried her to his castle and imprisoned her. She gives him a deadly poison to give to the giant. He thanked her, and quickly reaching the giant's home, entered by an open window and found him lying asleep with his great mouth open. He throws the poison down the giant's throat, and taking the bunch of keys from Bulbagog, goes to the towers, and opens all the doors to the rooms, where many maidens are whom the giant had kept imprisoned for years.

He rescues them all, and then hastening on at last reaches the room where his darling is.

He carries her swiftly to her father's palace, when there is great rejoicing, for the absence of the princess had just been discovered.

The king then gave his daughter to Fenaldo for his reward in killing the giant and rescuing his daughter.

They were married with great pomp and lived merrily till they died.

Olive Strickland.

Dear Junior—I am living near Huntsville, Ala., but I used to live in Atlanta. I wish to tell my old Atlanta friends about my new home.

We have a large house and a lot of eight acres. Just back of the house is a large garden with a grape-harbor in the middle of it. Just back of the garden is a large fishpond. One end of it has water lilies and the other is used for fishing. In May father bought me a beautiful row boat and I frequently take a row on the lake in my new boat.

I have a great many friends here and every Saturday father takes a crowd of us boys down to the pond and lets us go in bathing. Last Saturday we had nine boys in bathing and we had such a fine time. I hope there are boys in Atlanta who are having as much fun as I am.

With kindest regards for the Junior, I am its friend,

Hugh Harbuckle.

Huntsville, Ala.

Dear Junior—I am a resident of Mountain Meriwether county, Georgia, and as have never seen any letters from this part of the state, I hope this will escape the wastebasket.

There is a creek within a quarter of a mile from our house which is well stocked with fish.

One of my friends from LaGrange, Ga., visiting me and, with your consent, I will tell of an incident that happened while we were fishing.

It was just after a hard rain and the water was swollen, and that makes the better. We set out soon one with a good lunch, and made for the creek, which was one of the best.

It had been set and we were found picking blackberries. Charred to turn around and seeing his work, quietly slipped up and gave him, which broke his pole. He into the water to try to capture before he had taken many steps I go under, and as he had on his coat, it was hard for him to keep on the water until I could get a pole;

but I was able to get it out and bring him up. He was not hurt, but I was. I am not able to tell you what happened, but I am sure it was a close call. Watch out for snakes and spectacles fitted.

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WHISKY AND RYE.

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ur: THE ATLANTA CONSTITUTION, JR.

strips of sheet lead will do, folding them over the lower rope. Gather the netting to the four sides of the rope frame, fulling it on the long sides, and put your long rope through the side loops, as in Figure 10.

For Repairing the Outfit.

Three dozen small sproat hooks, No. 6 to No. 10, will answer fishing purposes. Be sure to get them with marked or tapered ends. They cost about five cents per dozen. The marked are used to fasten on snells; the tapered for making flies. Then buy a small spool of red cotton or silk, very fine, which will cost 5 cents; a small piece of beeswax or shoemaker's wax, costing 2 cents; this, with about twenty-five long horse hairs will complete a very good reserve for the foregoing outfit, should it at any time need mending.

Caught in the Coils.

The following adventure, which befell Speke, the great explorer, forms one of the most thrilling episodes in a life full of perils and escapes. Captain Speke, himself, tells the tale.

It appears that he, with his comrade, Grant, left the camp together one day to hunt game for their supper. Their first victim was a fine young buffalo cow.

Soon after, they had a prospect of still better fortune. An enormous elephant with particularly fine tusks was observed within range. Speke quickly brought his rifle up to his shoulder, took a careful aim, and fired.

A moment after, as he was watching for the effect of his shot, he heard a startled exclamation from the attendant negroes, and looked around.

To his horror he saw a huge boa-constrictor in the very act of darting down upon him from a branch overhead.

In less than a second—indeed, before he had time to stir a muscle to spring aside—the beast had shot out of the heavy foliage and caught him in a coil. Speke put all his strength to get clear, and at the same instant, glancing round for help, saw Grant standing a few paces away, with rifle leveled.

"In a moment," he continues, "I comprehended all. The huge serpent had struck the young buffalo cow, between which he and I had unluckily placed myself at the moment of firing upon the elephant. A most singular good fortune attended me, however, for, instead of being crushed into a mangled mass with the unfortunate cow, my left forearm had only been caught between the buffalo's body and a single fold of the constrictor. The limb lay just in front of the shoulder, at the root of the neck, and thus had a short bed of flesh, into which it was jammed, as it were, by the immense pressure of the serpent's body, that was like iron in hardness."

"As I saw Grant about to shoot, a tiger took possession of me; for if he refrained I might possibly escape, after the bear released its folds from the dead cow; but should he fire and strike the snake, it would, in its convulsions, crush or drag me to pieces.

"Even as the flea rains to me, I beheld Grant pause. He appeared fully to comprehend all. He could see how I was situated, that I was still living, and that my deliverance depended upon the will of the constrictor. We could see every line of each other's face, as close as we were, and I would have shouted or spoken, or even whispered to him, had I dared. But the bear's head was reared within a few feet of mine, and a wink of an eyelid would perhaps settle my doom; so I stared, stared, stared, like a dead man at Grant and at the blacks.

"Presently the serpent began very gradually to relax his folds, and after retightening them several times as the crushed buffalo quivered, he unwound one fold entirely. Then he paused.

"The next iron-like band was the one which held me a prisoner; and as I felt it, little by little, unclasping, my heart stood still with hope and fear. Perhaps upon being freed, the benumbed arm, unconsciously by any will, might fall from the cushion-like bed in which it lay! And such a mishap might bring the spare fold around my neck or chest—and then farewell to the sources of the Nile!

"Oh, how hard, how desperately I struggled to command myself! I glanced at Grant, and saw him handling his rifle anxiously. I glanced at the negroes and saw them still gazing, as though petrified with astonishment. I glanced at the serpent's loathsome head, and saw its bright, deadly eyes watching for the least sign of life in its prey.

"Now, then, the reptile loosened its fold on my arm a hair's breadth, and now a little more, till half an inch of space separated my arm and its mottled skin. I could have whipped out my hand, but dared not take the risk. Atoms of time dragged themselves into ages, and a minute seemed eternity itself.

"The second fold was removed entirely, and the next one easing. Should I dash away now, or wait a more favorable moment? I decided upon the former; and with lightning speed I bounded away toward Grant, the crack of whose piece I heard at the next instant.

"For the first time in my life I was thoroughly overcome; and sinking down, I remained in a semi-unconscious state for several minutes. When I fully recovered, Grant and the overjoyed negroes held me up, and pointed out the bear, which was still writhing in its death agonies. I shuddered as I looked upon the effects of its tremendous dying strength. For yards around where it lay, grass and bushes, and saplings, and, in fact, everything except the more fully grown trees, were cut quite off, as though they had been.

"The monster, when measured, was fifty-one feet long, two and a half inches in extreme length, while round the thickest portion of its body the girth was nearly three feet, thus proving, I believe, to be the largest serpent that was ever authentically heard of."

That is the Question.

In riding in railway trains you may have observed the peculiarity of dogs in racing after the train. One day, in a swiftly-moving train, I saw a big yellow dog break this act, and nearly breaking his back to catch the train. I watched his efforts with some curiosity, and a man in the seat in front turned to me and said:

"Excuse me, but I would like to ask you a question I want to ask you what you think that dog would have done with this train if he had caught it?"

A BOY'S FISHING OUTFIT.

In making rods, the best wood to use is hazel or birch. Cut two or three pieces, each section tapering to a point, and if you cannot find a piece sufficiently slender for the rod tips, whittle it out of hickory with your knife. Sandpaper the pieces and, if convenient, lay on a coat of shellac. Secure a piece of tin three inches wide; roll it and solder it so as to make a ferrule three inches long; or better still is brass tubing cut into sections $\frac{1}{2}$ inches long. Fit one of the sections to the small end of the heaviest joint and rivet a wire nail or a pin through the brass to fasten it to the wood. Fit your next joint into the brass and put a ferrule on the end of the second joint; then fit your tip into it and you have a rod which you can disjoint to put in your trunk or carry under your arm.

Another good way for a boy to make a rod is to take three pieces of birch, cut



Where the Fun Comes In.

them each three feet long, and have them taper from butt to tip. Cut the butt piece at one end in the shape of diagram 1; cut the centerpiece the shape of diagram 2; the last the shape of the third diagram. Lash these pieces together with waxed thread or heavy linen cord and you have a tough rod.

Guides for Rods.

Covered wire is best for these. Loop it around a pencil and twist it as in diagram 4. Lay this at the proper point on your rod and wind each end with a piece of silk or thread. Silk is stronger. Wax the ends or shellac them. If you prefer, twist the wire as in Fig. 5, and slip it over the rod.

For your ring top or point of your rod wrap the wire twice around a pencil and bend the ends down as in Fig. 6; put on the point of the rod and wrap it with silk or thread, and wax it, or put shellac over it. This makes a good rod for trout and bass.

Reels.

Cut a piece of wood six inches long and about as thick as a pencil. Bore a hole through the butt of the rod where the reel should come, and drive the wood in, so it will expose two and a half inches on each side, as in Fig. 7.

Now wrap your line on it, over and under, as boys do in handling the strings of their kites. This was the device in general use before the introduction of reels.

Lines.

If you cannot afford a good linen or silk line, buy a ball of shoemaker's thread, twist it and wax it and you have a strong line, or if your grandmother has a spinning wheel, ask her to spin and twist a flax line for you, the best in the world for any fisherman.

Floats.

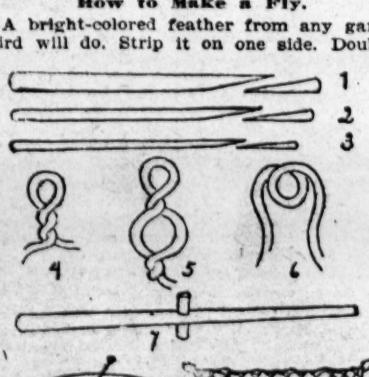
Take a cork about one and a half inches long and one inch thick. Taper it at both ends. Cut half-way through its center, lengthwise. Put your line into the cut; then drive a pin through the cork and with your thumb and finger bend the pin around the cork so as to hold the line secure. See Fig. 8.

A Snell.

Take three horsehair; tie a loop on the end of them so as to attach them to your line. With your thumb and finger twist the three hairs together. Then tie the other end in a ringed hook and your snell is completed.

How to Make a Fly.

A bright-colored feather from any game bird will do. Strip it on one side. Double



the two ends of the fibre together and tie them with a little silk or red wool on the upper part of a sproat hook. Pinch it to nearly resemble a fly, for the fish will bite it very freely.

Minnow Seines.

A seine twelve feet long and four feet deep can be made of a piece of mosquito netting eighteen feet by four feet. Tie quarter-inch rope as in figure 9, making the sides twelve feet and the ends four feet in length. The corners are single loops wrapped with small cord. Fasten the ends of the rope by wrapping them on one of the shorter sides. For floats, cut a broom handle into pieces three inches long. Bore a hole through the center of each section and string these pieces on the upper rope twelve inches apart. For sinkers, narrow

CONSTITUTION, JR.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY.
FOR THE INSTRUCTION AND AMUSEMENT OF THE
YOUNG READERS OF THE CONSTITUTION.

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of the Daily Constitution.

All Letters and Communications Intended
for this Issue Must be Addressed to The
Constitution, Jr.

Atlanta, Ga., July 28, 1894.

Wasted Opportunities.

It is not what a man can do, but what he does that counts in this world. A few weeks ago we published in The Junior a short sketch of old Commodore Vanderbilt, the great millionaire and founder of the famous Vanderbilt family in America. Young Vanderbilt was a poor farmer boy, who lived on the river near New York. There were a great many boys who lived near him, and they had boats on the river in which they were accustomed to go down to the city. Occasionally they picked up a stray passenger, for it was long before the day of railroads, and earned a little pocket money.

At last young Vanderbilt got to thinking about the matter, and decided that he must make a start in the world. He had nothing but his boat. Most boys would be discouraged at beginning life with such a small stock in trade. But he was determined to make his way in the world. He determined to make the best of what he had and not grumble about what he did not have. There were a great many things, doubtless, which young Vanderbilt could have done, but the question with him was not what he could do if he had a chance, but what he could do with the chance that he had. So he determined to start a boat line with his little boat. He announced that at a certain hour every day his boat would leave for New York, with or without passengers. He would carry passengers, if there were any to carry, but the people could depend upon it that if they wanted to go to the city the boat would be ready for them, as it was going anyhow.

This gave the people confidence in the boy, and in a short time he had a monopoly of all the passenger traffic from his section to New York. This, he afterwards said, was the beginning of that vast line of transatlantic steamships which he afterwards owned. There were a great many other boys who lived around young Vanderbilt, and some of them, he said, were better boatmen and had better boats than his boat. But they did not have the determination to make the most of their opportunities.

There is a lesson to be learned from this incident. There are a great many people in the world who are capable of making their way in the world, but who do not do so because they do not take stock, as it were, of their opportunity, and make the most out of it that they can. They wait for something better. They think that they are fitted by nature for greater things. They don't want to do every day sort of work, but to start at the top. Such people never succeed. It is the boy who makes the most out of what he has who gets the soonest to a place where all his natural ability has scope to work. Such boys make the best men, and such girls make the best women. So don't think about what you might do if you had a chance, but what you can do with the chance that you have. Make the most of that, and it will not be long before you will find yourself where you will have all the chance you want.

Another story that illustrates this text is told of John Wanamaker, the millionaire merchant of Philadelphia. He started life as a poor young man. He says that when he secured his first situation he determined to do well all that was given him to do, and do more than that. In this way he proved that he was capable of doing more than was expected of him. His employers noticed this, and promoted him. In his new position he did the same way. He performed all the duties required of him to the best of his ability, but did not confine himself merely to what it was assigned him to do. He did more than his employers required of him. It did not take long for such a man to rise, and he says that this was the secret of his great success.

There are so many instances of this sort that one might go on writing indefinitely about them. But the same lesson lies behind them all. Don't stop to think about what you might accomplish if you had a chance, but do what you can with the chance that you have. That is a good motto for anyone and it is sure to lead to success.

Our Young Correspondents.

We hope that the boys and girls will continue to write letters to us on interesting topics. Make them short—not over one hundred and fifty words each and make them interesting. On the last page of this issue.

The children presented quite two or three front, pulled on wept as a deeper ch. In a sweet, mus voice seemed to the familiar st "Island Up for There was a the conference enacted. The c. Declar Orphan is under the su church. The spiritual churches of the conference was. In a general much improvement of the ch. was refused to and back-slidden. We had been g instead of expal he had been sent back into. The deliberat the day were ful learning and af tended. The M

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THE ATLANTA CONSTITUTION, JR.

THE MAD JACKAL.

BY J. H. GRAY.

"Dead Hindoo! Where—where? There ther!"

Every one who has resided in India will understand what is meant by the above exclamatory phrases, the fancied utterances of an animal with which all travelers in Hindostan are but too familiar—the pheasant or jackal.

Though by nature a cowardly creature, the Indian jackal fears not to approach the habitations of man, where it is in a manner tolerated for its services as a scavenger. And wherever troops are in cantonment or on the march, it accompanies them, often in large numbers, skulking around the camp and making night hideous with its wildly mournful wa—wa.

Like its near relative, the hyena, it is the veriest of poltroons, and a child may put a full pack of them to flight. Yet there are occasions when the Indian jackal is a creature to be dreaded even more than the tiger itself; and I have known of one to keep a whole regiment of soldiers in mortal fear for the most part of the night. I myself was once constrained by the same to pass as irksome an hour as I ever remember.

In India, of course, it was, when a young subaltern gazetted to the Eleventh Hussars, I had just joined my regiment, to find it on the eve of setting out upon a scouting expedition.

Captain Congers, who commanded the troops to which I was attached, the first lieutenant and myself messaged together on the march; and soon as out of our saddles we dispatched a couple of servants to the village for such prey in the way of eatables as they could pick up.

Almost immediately, and to our surprise, they came back empty-handed, with the explanatory report that the villagers were all shut up in their houses in such a state of affright that not one would venture out, much less do marketing! Moreover, there were loud lamentations in several families, as though each had lost one or more of its members!

The cause of all this was, of course, made known to our emissaries, who in turn told us a mad pheasant had run amuck through the village and bitten some eight or ten people—men, women and children.

As the occurrence had just taken place, and the rabid animal was still believed to be in the village or its precincts, we little wondered at our purveyors returning as they had done. Others sent on a similar errand came back with like rapidity, and equally light laden.

While still seated at supper, we became aware of a commotion in the camp; a rushing to and fro—with cries proclaiming alarm. The place of our private bivouac was some distance from that occupied by our men; and the night now on, a dark one, hindered us from seeing what caused the disturbance. We learned it, however, by hearing only three words, but enough to explain all, for more than one voice was repeating them in tones of terror: "The mad jackal! The mad jackal!"

We sprang to our feet with as much alacrity as if the rabid brute were already beside us. But it came not our way, nor were we even favored with a sight of it, though for over an hour after the camp was kept in state of scare, great as if surprised by the approach of a human enemy.

Now it was "mad jackal!" here, now there, anon at some different and distant point, as could be told by shots and the shouts of those pursuing it. Yet, after all this, the chased creature escaped destruction in the darkness, no one knowing where it was or whither gone.

"Just possible," observed Captain Congers, when tranquillity had to some extent been restored, and we were smoking a cheroot by our bivouac fire, "just possible it wasn't the mad jackal after all. More likely some other, as there must be scores of them prowling about the camp."

"Pardon, Sahib Capen," interposed one of our native attendants in waiting. "It de madfee pheal for shoo; same dat bitee pleepul in da village."

"How know you that, my man?"

"De tall tell dim so, sahib. Him, no none gotee—only leetle bit tump. De village pleepul told me da one dat bit um hab no tail."

Certainly this was ground for believing them, and far too satisfactory. We had heard that the jackal chevied about the camp was almost tailless; and to learn it was so with that which had made havoc among the villagers, placed its identification beyond doubt.

It was not till a late hour that the camp became quieted down and confidence re-established. Indeed, for a long while but few went to sleep; most of those who did, doubtless to dream of mad dogs.

But there was something besides to keep us awake—a drenching downpour of rain that came on just as we were about to go to rest. As we were on scout and in lightest marching order, a small officer's tent to each troop was all the canvas we carried.

This barely served the captain himself, though, of course, we subs were entitled to a share of it; but in the warm tropical nights had preferred swanning our hammocks to trees.

This night it was different, and we would have all squeezed into the tent, but that before supper my fellow Leutenant and I, strolling some way into the woods, had noticed an old building in which there was a large room, apparently rain proof. A Buddhist temple or something of the sort we supposed it to be.

Remembering it now, we had our hammocks transported thither and hung in the aforesaid room, which, sure enough, proved weather proof. Luckily, we found hooks on the walls, though the two to which mine was hung were so high up I had some difficulty in mounting into it.

As it had been a long day's march, we were both much fatigued, and soon fell asleep. Nor did either of us awake till the bugles were sounding the "reveille," hearing which my brother officer sprang from his swinging couch and hastened to equip himself, as he did so crying out to me:

"Look sharp! Our colonel is coming."

My comrades were about to break out in a roar of laughter—the colonel, on the other hand, was ready to receive me in a different fashion. But seeing the state of disarray I was in, all stayed to hear the Indian

to a second, we'll get black looks or something worse."

Saying which, he slipped into his tunic—the only garment either of us had taken off—buckled his saber belt, and was out of the room before I was well awake.

By nature of a somewhat somnolent habit, and then little accustomed to military promptness, moreover, on this particular morning, feeling unusually drowsy, I lay still awhile, regardless of the caution given me, even till I heard the "assembly" sounded.

Then, rousing myself, I sat up in the hammock, with legs over the edge, preparatory to springing out of it. Just then I became sensible of a strange smell pervading the room—a foetid, powerful odor, such as might proceed from a combination of fox and polecat.

Casting my eyes below I at once learned the cause; the room had but one window, a small aperture, unglazed, and just inside this, where it had entered, was an animal the sight of which sent a cold shudder through my frame, for it was a jackal without a tail, or but the stump of one.

Its jaws were wide apart, with tongue protruded, its eyes apparently on fire, its whole body panting and quivering in such a way as clearly to proclaim it mad; I could have no doubt about this, nor any of its being the same which had caused lamentation in the village and consternation in our camp; the absence of tail was evidence unmistakable.

As my legs were dangling down, I drew them up with a quick jerk, but not an instant too soon, for the beast did make its bound, passing the spot just vacated by my pedal extremities, which, had they been still there, would certainly have been seized by it.

The disappointment seemed to cause it surprise, as for some time after it stood in a dark, distant corner of the room, quiet and cowering. But I knew it would not long remain so, and felt certain the attack would be renewed.

Defensive weapon I had none; my pistols and saber were suspended against the wall only a few feet beyond my reach. But they might as well have been miles away, since I dare not descend to the floor; and otherwise I could not get at them. There was, therefore, but the alternative of standing upon the defensive, and for this I had nothing save my tunic. Luckily, I had hung it on the slinging gear of the hammock close at hand.

Meanwhile I had got upon my knees, and steadily balanced, with the netting and my blanket well up round me. So, folding the tunic shield-fashion, I awaited the onslaught of the jackal.

As yet I had uttered no shout; instead, kept silent, as though I had lost the power of speech. This, partly because I had no hope of being heard. The walls were thick, and the door, a massive structure, with self-shutting hinges, had slammed to behind my brother officer as he went out; while the little hole of a window opened upon the woods, the side opposite to that on which lay the camp. Shout loudly as I might, it was not likely I would be heard; all the less at such a time, with every one hurrying to answer the roll call.

But I had another reason for keeping still and preserving silence. If not further irritated, the animal might go out again as it had entered, and leave me unmolested.

Alas! it did not; instead, the very opposite. Just as I had got poised on my unsteady perch, a fresh spasm of madness seemed to come over it, and again it rose up, and rushed at me open-mouthed.

I met it with the folded tunic, and buffeted it back to the floor, several times so flogging it in rapid repetition. Then it once more retreated to the dark corner, and there was an interregnum of rest, as if by an armistice agreed to between us.

How long this lasted I cannot tell; for the fear that was on me hindered calm reflection. I remember listening with all ears, in hope to hear voices outside.

I remember, too, thinking of what my fellow-sub had said, and what a reckoning I would have with both colonel and captain. Even if I escaped in time to appear on parade, what a tale to tell! An officer of Hussars held to his hammock—as it were, besieged in his bed—by an animal no bigger than a fox, a cowardly creature, oft chased by children! I should be ridiculed, laught at beyond measure.

My unpleasant reflections were brought to an abrupt ending by the jackal once more becoming excited, and making a fresh attack on me. Just as before, it sprang up at me in successive attempts, which fortunately, as before, I succeeded in repelling. My tunic of scarlet cloth proved protective as a coat of scale-armour.

Our second conflict terminated very much as the first, with an interval of rest succeeding, only that in this, my adversary, instead of returning to the dark corner, squatted down along the floor just under me.

It was within convenient reach of sword thrust, and how I wished at that moment to be as near to my saber! With it in my hand I could have cut the Gordian knot in an instant. But it was not to be.

Well nigh despairing of escape, with my eyes wandering around the room, a thought flashed across my brain, inspiring me with hope. In the hammock lately vacated by my fellow lieutenant, was his blanket, a large double one, within easy reach of my hand. Stretching out, I seized hold of it, then spreading it out to its fullest extent, let it down upon the squatted jackal.

The result was all I could have wished for; even better than I expected. Under the blanket the brute had got entangled, and was struggling to free himself, as a badger tied up in a bag. But I waited not to witness the finale; instead, jumped down from the hammock and rushed out of the room.

Never were 200 yards of space more quickly passed over by pedestrian than those that separated my sleeping place from the camp. The most noted professional runner could not have done it in better time. And never did officer present himself on parade ground in such guise as I; coatless, bootless, and disheveled.

My comrades were about to break out in a roar of laughter—the colonel, on the other hand, was ready to receive me in a different fashion. But seeing the state of disarray I was in, all stayed to hear the Indian

easily understood. The mad jackal was fresh in every mind, as also the knowledge of its having escaped. As a consequence, there was now a tail-on-end rush toward the old ruin, with a determination to put an end to the creature that had caused so much trouble.

Its destruction was accomplished without any difficulty, I, myself, being its destroyer. Armed with my tiger rifle, through the aperture of the open window I was able to get good sight on it and send a bullet through its disordered brain.

It had done damage enough, as we learned afterwards, most of the villagers bitten by it dying of hydrophobia, while the result of the run through our own camp was the loss of several horses, though luckily the men, both soldiers and camp-followers, escaped the fearful infliction.

For myself, I could never afterward look at a jackal—little feared as these brutes are—without a creeping sensation of the flesh, a gerous and to be dreaded.

Since that day many a tiger have I killed,

but never encountered one with such fear as

I felt when face to face with that tailless

jackal inside the ruined shrine of Buddha.

A GIRL'S DRESSING TABLE.

How She Can Make and Decorate It Herself.

Any girl, who likes pretty things about her, who has a little pocket money at her disposal and sews neatly, can contrive for her bedroom a dressing table that will be both useful and very ornamental. Now, before she chooses the material for making her table, she had better look about her room and decide on a color. If the paper on her wall is all over pale yellow roses and delicate green vines, it will be best to have the dressing table done in green, as near the same shade of vines on the wall as she can match. The foundation of her table can be made of one of two things, a common white wood kitchen table or a big dry goods box, and the latter is the cheapest and best. It can be bought at the grocer's or dry goods dealer's in the village for about 25 cents, and one that is thirty-six inches square or as near that size as the grocer can supply it will serve. I mention this size because the nicest dressing table stands about two feet and a half high by three feet long.

When the big box is secured set it between the two windows of the bedroom and begin to tack on the drapery. This



The Table.

ought to be of cotton, washable and figured green and white, and, if there isn't anything in the house nearly like that mother can spare for a table's decoration, why then the suitable stuff may be bought. Very cheap chintz is the best material, for it can be had in green and white, prettily figured, durable and washable, and for 15 cents a yard. Six yards are necessary, and at the price mentioned 90 cents of pocket money must go to pay for it. Out of that six yards cut a piece to fit exactly over the top of this box and tack it down along the edges. The rest is made into a great full flounce, showing an inch-wide hem at top and bottom, just long enough to reach the floor and fasten to the edge of the box by gilt-headed tacks that are 20 cents a dozen. A dressing table mirror may be round, square or many sided, it may be small or large, and to secure it most inexpensively it can be either rescued from the garret or bought at an outlay of about \$3.

Dr. Warren A. Lewis, made an important conference on the subject of the Impression of the League and the importance of the League. He referred to the League and the importance of the League and the importance of the League.

Miss Emily Allen was presented a Home Missions Fund, an interesting Allen, in which of the organization Mrs. Jones, who present would operation and in Rev. Walker L. following resolution. "Resolved, That the representative sonage and Homestead," "Resolved final say."

The resolutions ed. After the close Rev. E. H. Hoy sermon from the then, being evil gifts unto your Spirit unto their course was a poor work of the Hol

Rev. Howard Votanical exercises Before the close business Rev. G. J. W. Howell, was appointed to the talk in behalf of Child book were sold. A special committee of Mr. W. S. Williams, president of the bank in the state financial ability. Dr. J. W. Howell and aid in behal of the interesting talk.

Mr. William L. Williams in the state without the Bible a funeral service. His services not a Bible in his greater spiritual strength. This is the largest and most transacted, again this more public generally.

High School of Haddock Station. This board of trustees place met Professor E. L. Ross.

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FARMER GRIGSBY'S LAWSUIT

By Helen Whitley Clark.

From Golden Days.

"I won't be trampled on by Seth Stubblefield no longer!" sputtered Farmer Grigsby, in a towering rage. "I'll hev the law of him, that's what I'll do!"

Mrs. Grigsby was washing clothes in the back yard, where a bent and gnarled old apple tree made a shady spot for her tub. "What has Seth Stubblefield been a-doing now, Hiram?" she asked in a querulous voice.

"What's he been a-doing?" snarled the farmer. "Ain't his cows been tromplin' my cornfield again, an' ruined more'n a acre of corn? Pretty nigh ready for the second plowin', it was, too! But I'll put a stop to it afore long. Human natur' can't stand everything, an' if he don't fix up his end of the division fence, or keep his cattle out o' my field, I'll sue him! I'll sue him fer damages as sure as eggs is eggs!"

"It's no more'n you'd ought to a done long ago," assented Mrs. Grigsby, clapping a handful of soft soap on a homespun sheet, and rubbing it vigorously on the wooden washboard. "You've been too easy with him, Hiram."

"I shan't be easy with him no longer," asserted Hiram, aggressively. "I shall go an' see Squire Barnacle this very day."

And, striding to the stable, he saddled the sorrel colt, and proceeded to put his threat into execution, while his anger was still at fever heat.

It was not very long since the Grigsbys and Stubblefields had been the best of friends and neighbors. Scarcely a week elapsed without a visit between the two families.

Hiram Grigsby and Seth Stubblefield exchanged work at corn planting and harvest-time, and their wives consulted each other on such momentous questions as soft soap or apple butter making, and the relative merits of Plymouth Rock and Black Spaniard fowls as layers and setters.

Tom Grigsby and Seth Stubblefield, well-grown lads of sixteen and seventeen years of age, had been chums ever since they were "little chicks."

They attended "destrict school" together in winter, and went gunning or fishing, and helped each other pile shocks in the harvest field in summer.

The daughters of the two families were also on the best of terms. They exchanged patchwork scraps and basque patterns, confided important secrets to one another, and were, in fact, kindred spirits in every respect.

This friendly intercourse continued until the feud broke out, and all neighborly feeling was at an end.

How the trouble began, or which party was most to blame, it would be hard to say. Doubtless there was some fault on both sides.

At all events, the hatchet was dug up, and hostilities were carried on, until, from sympathizing friends, the two families became relentless enemies.

A system of "mark and reprisal" was soon established, which caused the breach to grow wider and wider—a sort of

"Tit for tat, butter is fat,

If you kill my dog, I'll kill your cat," arrangement, sometimes indulged in by "grown-up" folks as well as children.

Father Grigsby fenced up the little pool which ran from his spring, and from which his neighbor's stock had been wont to quench their thirst for years gone by.

Farmer Stubblefield at once retaliated by blocking the private road through his woods pasture, thereby forcing the Grigsbys to drive two miles further around in hauling cord wood, or taking their garden truck to market.

The well-trodden footpath across lots was neglected and grassgrown, and when the rival factions met at church meetings, or basket picnics and other rural gatherings, they turned their heads aside, or glared at one another with uncompromising hostility.

So the feud kept growing, until at last it culminated in a lawsuit.

"He'll sue me, will he?" blustered Farmer Stubblefield, red with anger. "Let him go ahead, I say. He'll find out two kin play that game. I don't care if my catte did tramp down his growin' corn. What 'd he turn his pigs inter my melder fur?"

"I'd make him smoke fur it, yet, if I was you, Seth," put in Mrs. Stubblefield. "He loves his kin scare you by goin' to law."

"That's what I know," replied Seth, grumpily. "But he'll haul in his horns before I'm through with him. I'll show him whose old hog eat up the grindstone."

It was early in the springtime when the suit was brought, but owing to the law's delays it was still unsettled when harvest time came on.

Farmer Grigsby's crops had turned out well that year.

His hay was put up in long racks in the barnyard, where his wheat was also stacked, awaiting the coming "thrasher."

On a certain Saturday Mrs. Grigsby and her daughters were busy with the week's baking. Half a dozen pigs, a gallon jar of seed-cookies, and a goodly supply of light rolls and crusty brown loaves had already been drawn from the oven and set on the wide pantry shelf to cool.

A home-cured ham was gently simmering over the stove, and the 2 o'clock dinner was under way.

Farmer Grigsby sat moodily awaiting the coming meal, when Tom Grigsby dashed into the house.

"Forest fires!" he shouted. "The fence has caught, an' it's most up to the stacks!"

In a moment all was confusion. The farmer seized a spade and rushed to the scene of his crops.

His wife and daughters eagerly followed each armed with a stout cudgel, to assist in battling with the devouring element.

For weeks there had been a drought, leaving the grass and underbrush as dry as tinder. The flames swept rapidly forward. Rail fences and fallen brushwood crackled in the fierce heat.

Bravely the anxious family fought for their possessions, only to be baffled and driven back by the relentless flames.

Overcome at last by exhaustion and de-

spair, Farmer Grigsby dropped his weapon and groaned aloud:

"The crops must go!" he sighed, hoarsely. "I am a ruined man. If we can save the ole homestead, it's more'n I expect."

But even as he spoke, an encouraging shout was heard from the deserted footpath, which led "across lots."

"Keep a stout heart neighbor. We'll see you through!"

Every eye turned in the direction of the cheery sound, to behold the stalwart figure of Seth Stubblefield hurrying forward, a stout spade on his shoulder.

At his heels came his son, Ben, carrying a long-handled shovel, and following closely after him were Mrs. Stubblefield and Susan, the one brandishing a rake and the other a hoe.

New strength was infused into the Grigsby family by this timely reinforcement, and all hands fell to work to baffle the advancing enemy.

The men with their spades beat out every fresh blaze made by the spreading flames. The boys tore down the endangered fences, and carried the rails out of harm's way.

The rake and hoe, in the hands of the women, were used to good advantage in drawing dead leaves and other debris away from the line of the encroaching fire; and the girls brought water around in the pails, and handed dripping gourdfuls of the refreshing element to the thirsty, perspiring workers.

Their heroic efforts were crowned with victory at last. The persistent foe was conquered, with no more serious loss than the destruction of a few rods of rail fence.

"An' we'll turn in an' give ye a rail-splitter to make them good," volunteered Farmer Stubblefield.

"An' now your wheatstacks an' haystacks is safe, neighbor, I reckon we may's be gettin' along," he added, mopping his face. If you'd only 'a' blown the horn, to let us know you was in trouble, we'd 'a' got here sooner. But, anyhow, the danger's all over now."

"Yes, thanks to you, ole friend," answered Hiram Grigsby, in a stifled voice. I hadn't the right to expect no help from you, after bein' so mean as to see you down."

"Pooch! pooch! I'd 'a' been meaner'n pusley if I'd stood by an' saw your crops burn up. An' you done right to sue me, I'd ought to keep my part of the fence up," confessed Farmer Stubblefield, eagerly. But I'll pay all the damages my cattle has done in your corn field. An' I'll—"

You won't—you shan't!" interrupted Hiram. They hasn't done no damage, an' I won't hev a cent."

Here the worthy farmer broke down. His feelings choked further utterance and grasping the hand of his late enemy, he gave it a hearty shake, which was quite as heartily returned.

"I'll sell every hoof o' stock on my farm but what I'll keep 'em from trompin' on your corn!" declared Seth, recklessly.

"Blamed if I care what they tromple on, so you ain' me friends ag'in, like we used to be!" responded Hiram.

Here Mrs. Grigsby spoke up.

"You ain't one of you going home without your dinners!" she asserted, determinedly. "So come right along to the house an' set awhile."

And her command was obeyed without a word of dissent.

Mrs. Stubblefield insisted on lending her aid in the kitchen, where she was soon enjoying a gossip with her old neighbor, while the girls fell to setting the table, with much clattering of dishes and chattering of tongues.

The heads of the reunited families sat on the vine-shaded porch, contentedly discussing the price of wheat and hay, and the two boys, overjoyed at the new turn of affairs, celebrated the happy occasion by swapping jack knives.

The pies and seed-cookies and boiled ham, intended for the Sunday dinner, were not spared in the forthcoming meal, and if the table did not groan under its burden of good cheer it was only because groans would have been out of place on such a festive occasion. And thus ended Farmer Grigsby's lawsuit.

BUMMER AND LAZARUS.

The Story of a Generous Dog.

A homeless dog strayed into a San Francisco engine house and was made welcome by the jolly men. Though they named him Bummer, they treated him kindly, fed him, made him a bed and gave him the freedom of the house.

Bummer repaid their kindness by devoting himself to his new friends. He ran with the engine to every fire, marched with it proudly on parade, kept other dogs out of its way, and guarded the men, if they needed his care. He was seldom off duty, unless hunger prompted a visit to a neighboring restaurant, where a friend of his engine kindly fed him.

One day, after eating a hearty meal there, he crammed his mouth with meat and bones and trotted off. He did the same the next day and the next. Then he was followed. Going through several streets he entered a small, dark, dirty alley; and, at its farther end, laid down the food before a half-starved dog; then, wagging his tail in satisfaction, he kept guard while the old creature ate.

Learning that Bummer was supporting a friend, the firemen went to see what attractions there were about the old dog.

They found a miserable dirty skeleton with a broken leg. Much of his hair was gone, and his body marked with sores and scars, telling of recent and earlier battles. Though they saw nothing desirable about the old fellow, Bummer's kindness and wistful look conquered.

The old creature was taken to the engine house, his leg put in splints, and the new comer given a share in the other's right. To the dog with the sores the firemen gave the name of Lazarus.

Kind treatment and good food showed their effect on Lazarus, but could not make him young again. He regained strength, recovered the use of his leg and was able to walk about, but never to run far with the engine. His duty seemed to be to guard the house, while his younger friend attended to the engine in the streets.

The old fellow appeared to be the butt of every cur in the ward. The meanest and most cowardly canine of the street need only see Lazarus away from his business and there followed a fight, with the old fellow invariably the under dog. Too old and weak to battle successfully, yet he seemed to know nothing about victory.

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spair, Farmer Grigsby dropped his weapon and groaned aloud:

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A Ludicrous Pet.

An amusing story is told by Frank Leslie's Monthly of a baby camel pet in the Central park menagerie:

"Many of the animals of Central park are pets of the keepers. Several years ago a baby camel that had lost its mother and was brought up on the bottle was carried about, fed, nursed and attended to as if it were a human child. It thrived and grew astonishingly, but did not seem to take into account or be conscious of its increased size. As I sat in the animal enclosure one day sketching it spied me out and immediately rushed up and tried to climb into my lap. It was almost full grown. I was reminded of the fable of the donkey, who, envying the affections and caresses bestowed by his master upon a favorite lapdog, tried to imitate and emulate the playful tricks and gambols of the little animal. The grieved amazement of the huge creature when I drove him away was irresistibly ludicrous and indescribably absurd. I was actually obliged to station a park policeman with a club to keep guard over him, and he stood as near to me as he was allowed until I finished my work, complaining, and I might almost say weeping, at my cruelty in not accepting his engine kindly fed him.

One day, after eating a hearty meal there, he crammed his mouth with meat and bones and trotted off. He did the same the next day and the next. Then he was followed. Going through several streets he entered a small, dark, dirty alley; and, at its farther end, laid down the food before a half-starved dog; then, wagging his tail in satisfaction, he kept guard while

N CHILDREN.

A touching scene before the District Conference Yesterday.

FIFTEEN LITTLE ORPHANS PRESENTED

Dr. Candler Talks About Emory College
Sermon by Dr. E. H. Bowe—The
Routine Proceedings.

A striking incident of the south Atlanta district conference now in session was the presentation of fifteen little orphans yesterday morning by Rev. Howard L. Crumley.

The children were all neatly dressed and presented quite a picture to the conference. Two or three old gentlemen who sat in front pulled out their handkerchiefs and wept as the proceedings were enacted, and there was scarcely any one in the congregation who was not visibly affected.

A deeper chord, however, was touched when the little orphans began to sing. In a sweet, musical concert, in which every voice seemed to blend perfect harmony, the familiar hymn of the old church, "Stand Up for Jesus," was recognized and.

There was a hush in the proceedings of the conference after this little scene was enacted. The children are inmates of the Deacon Orphan Home, an institution which is under the supervision of the Methodist church.

The spiritual condition of the several churches of the conference was taken up yesterday morning, and the roll of the conference was resumed.

In a general way it was stated that much improvement had been observed in each of the churches; a few of the members refused to take communion; several had backslidden during the year, and a few had been guilty of drunk drinking, but instead of expelling them from the church, they had been rebuked and warned, and the great majority had been employed to bring them back into the spiritual fold.

The deliberations of the conference yesterday were full of interest and both the morning and afternoon sessions were well attended.

The Morning Session.

The conference met at the usual hour, 10 a.m., and was called to order by the president, Dr. Cook.

Rev. Casper Wright, of the Inman circuit, reported that he had ridden over 500 miles during the year. He had visited the circuit, and had been on the road circuit, and great prayer was observed by fully half the church membership.

Rev. C. V. Weatherhens, the pastor of Asbury church, reported that only two drunkards had been detected among the members during the year. The general condition of the church was good, and its finances were regulated in such a way that every obligation was cancelled.

When the East Point circuit was called, Rev. J. M. Tumin reported. He thought the condition of his charges were all good, though he said he had not been able to do much for them.

Every one who has resided in India will understand what is meant by the above reference to native dress, the favored attire of animals with which all travel.

It is a bottle of POND'S EXTRACT
small size. We have 'em bigger.

"Dead" Hinckle: Where—where? There—there!

Every one who has resided in India will understand what is meant by the above reference to native dress, the favored attire of animals with which all travel.

It is a Jersey Mosquito—small size.
We have 'em much bigger.

This is a bottle of POND'S EXTRACT
small size. We have 'em bigger.

IT IS
COOLING
REFRESHING
HEALING

INSTANT RELIEF
from
Sting of Mosquito Bites
from
Heat of Sunburn
apply Pond's Extract

IT IS
COOLING
REFRESHING
HEALING

For all external wounds and inflamed surfaces a wonderful healer.

Bathe the Aching Head or the Swollen Feet with POND'S EXTRACT. What Comfort!

When the mosquitoes send substitutes to do their work, then use something else just as good in place of Pond's Extract. But when the mosquitoes come themselves, use nothing but genuine Pond's Extract. Manufactured only by POND'S EXTRACT CO., 76 Fifth Ave., N. Y. City.

LIVELY EXPERIENCES

A Louisville Lady Strikes the City and Has a Rough Reception.

TROUBLE AT THE HOME OF A FRIEND

After Two Hours She Applied to a Justice of the Peace to Recover Her Goods. She Is Now at the Aragon.

IT IS
COOLING
REFRESHING
HEALING

TWO CHANGES MADE.

Adjutant W. G. Obear Appointed Assistant Inspector General of State Troops.

CAPT. JONES MADE COLONEL OF THE 6TH

Lieutenant Satterlee Forwards His Report to the War Department—It is a Voluntary Document.

Georgia wear rings on their ankles; civilized people wear them on their fingers, and the demand for these jewels seems to be increasing every year. J. P. Stevens & Son, the well-known jewelers, keep fully abreast of the times in these goods. They display a large variety of diamonds, rubies and emeralds, and have a large stock of gold rings for wedding purposes that always keep a large supply of the new shapes. Remember the place, 47 Whitehall street.



The best
Dollar a quart
Whisky

BLUTHENTHAL & BICKART
B. & B. Marietta and Forsyth Sts.
Hello! No. 378.
Other Fine Whiskies.

FRANK H. POTTS,
HENRY POTTS,
JOSEPH THOMPSON.

Potts-Thompson
Liquor Co.

Will sell California Sherry, Claret, Sauternes and Rhine Wines very cheap till first of September.

Give us a trial.

7, 9, 11, 13 Kimball House,
Decatur St., Atlanta, Ga.
Telephone 48.

Imitators ABOUND

of most of the successful things, and especially of the world-famed

Liebig COMPANY'S Extract of Beef.

Liebig

DR. W. W. BOWES, SPECIALIST.
Treatment \$5 per month for all Medical cases, no matter what the Disease, NOT requiring Surgical Treatment.

SPECIALTIES.

Impotence, Sterility, Disease, Skin Diseases, Enlarged Prostate, Skin Diseases.

Consultation at office or by mail free. Send your question list for a free stamp.

DR. W. W. BOWES, 154 Marietta St., Atlanta, Ga. (Over Snooks & Co.'s Furniture store.)

OPUM and Whiskey Kahlte cured at home with one grain. Book of practice, \$1.00. Dr. F. E. B. M. WOOLLEY, M.D., Atlanta, Ga. Office 104½ Whitehall St.

HAWKES
OPTICAL & OPTICIAN
MANUFACTURING COMPANY
TRADE MARK.

A. K. HAWKES,
Manufacturing Optician

The only optical plant run by electric power in the state. At the latest invention for testing eyesight, advanced twenty-three years. Headquarters for the United States. 13 Whitehall street.

TO RENT
The Augusta Hotel
Containing ninety rooms, in perfect order, in a choice location, a chance of a life time for a man to make his capital and understand his business; no furniture; possession at once. Apply to JOHN W. DICKEY, Augusta, Ga.

**KNOWLEDGE**

Brings comfort and improvement and tends to personal enjoyment when rightly used. The many who live better than others and enjoy life more, with less expenditure, do so by more promptly adapting the world's best products to the needs of physical being, will attest the value to health or the pure liquid laxative principles embraced in the remedy, Syrup of Figs.

Its excellence is due to its presenting in the form most acceptable and pleasant to the taste, the refreshing and truly beneficial properties of a perfect laxative; effecting a clearing of the system, dispelling colds, headaches and fevers and permanent curing of constipation. It has given satisfaction to millions and met with the approval of the medical profession, because it acts on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels without weakening them and it is perfectly free from every objectionable substance.

Syrup of Figs is for sale by all druggists in 50c and \$1 bottles, but it is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only, whose name is printed on every package, also the name, Syrup of Figs, and being well informed, you will not so easily find a substitute if offered.

Locally Preserved Carefully Filled by Skilled Workmen

We have unequalled facilities for the manufacture of

SPECTACLES AND EYE-GLASSES

We grind all kinds of Lenses, plain or compound.

KELLAN & MOORE Scientific Opticians

54 Marietta St., opposite postoffice.

J. B. ROBERTS,

Real Estate, 45 Marietta Street.

\$10,000—100 feet, corner lot on which is a 4-room house in 1½ miles of carshed, near the Aragon.

\$90 Front foot for one of the prettiest locations on West Peachtree; an elegant location.

\$10,000—Beautiful shaded lot on Peachtree, 90 feet front; end front; lies beautifully.

\$90 Front foot house and lot near Ivey.

\$10,000—One 4, and one 3-room cottage, paying \$1,000 per month.

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Come to see us for farms.

The following officers have been placed on the roll of retired officers of the Georgia volunteers:

Major J. C. Bull, Talbotton, as Lieutenant colonel late captain Company A, Fourth regiment infan-

Joseph P. White, Savannah, as second lieutenant, late second lieutenant Georgia Hussars.

Lieutenant Satterlee yesterday notified the governor of his report of inspection of the troops of the state. It is a voluminous document, covering fifty closely typewritten pages. His report shows the following organized strength of the Georgia troops:

Mack gun platoon, 23; general staff, 7; medical department, 17; hospital and ambulance corps, 6; or a total of 3,189.

The Georgia volunteers, colored, show a strength of 1,153 total.

The total strength of the white forces of the state allowed by law is 10,238, officers and men. This includes the naval and militia.

The total number of officers and men attending the encampment this year was 1,225, out of a total ordered to camp of 1,889, a percentage of attendance of about 65. This was a hard year to get men away from business, which accounts for the seemingly low per cent.

The Lieutenant says that there has been a marked improvement of the force during the last year. Decidedly greater and heavier interest has been displayed. He says that the most remarkable advancement has been made by the Fifth regiment of Atlanta. Since January the regiment has increased her enlisted strength over 50 per cent. This command made a reputation at camp for good, practical work. The reason for this, he says, is that upon returning from camp was significant of progress.

The regiment presented a striking appearance with their simple dress, gray shirts and jeans trousers, in heavy marching order. Such things speak for themselves. The Atlanta Rifles apparently made hit with them, and were generally going to camp without extra baggage. Everything carried by the men was taken in the knapsacks. Not a trunk or satchel, save a valise for each of the three officers, was carried along.

The Lieutenant makes a great number of recommendations in his report, which, if carried out, will make further improvement possible. Among other matters suggested, he strongly recommends that the state appropriation for the troops be increased to meet the demands of the troops and the appropriation be used for all things affecting the efficiency of the troops, as for organizing, arming, equipping, uniforming and instructing, and for the efficient conduct of affairs in the adjutant general's office. A clerk is recommended most urgently. He recommends that the heads of departments and for the heads of departments when actively engaged with the troops.

One recommendation made must strike the troops favorably, and that a legislative committee be appointed from the general assembly to visit each annual camp and inspect. He thinks that such a committee would be of themselves what the troops are doing, that camp, nothing of the fun and frolic order; moreover the visit of such a committee would inspire the troops to the best.

He points out that the military code of the state is too short and recommends that it be increased to at least two years for all officers, it is now fixed at one year for the naval, militia and hospital corps.

He suggests that each regimental commander carefully prepare plans for the rapid concentration of troops within his own district, and that where a regiment or battalion, or a part of the same, is stationed at any one point, practice be occasionally had in assembling, upon short notice, fully armed and equipped for the field.

Whereas Lieutenant Satterlee's report will go to the war department, it, together with more detailed information, will be embodied in his report to the governor, which he is still awaiting.

In answer to a question as to what was being done towards sending a rifle team from the Georgia volunteers to Sea Girt, N. J., as announced some days since, the Lieutenant replied that he felt greatly embarrassed in giving an answer.

Ten men are practicing three weeks

in Savannah, and with very good results;

one man made at practice, on the 21st, 114

points out of a possible 125, or five scores—

23, 23, 23, 23.

He has received reports from August

also, which indicated good work there over newly-made 600-yard range. He hopes to select a good team of twelve from these two points.

There is more life in one grain of wheat

than there is in a bushel of chaff. The

same axiom is equally true regarding Hood's remedies.

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